

near our wagons. We had no special fear, for had a rescue been attempted and a single volley fired at the Mongrels, every man of them would have fled like partridges. There is no bravery in a man who could ill-treat a helpless prisoner.

The spectacle presented by our cavalcade, the wagons, the guards, the negroes trotting along side, the long procession of lawyers and witnesses in buggies and on horseback, was a strange one for the peaceful Sabbath. Perhaps there were similar scenes in Virginia during the war, when Sunday almost faded from recollection as a day of rest and decent demeanor. But the excuse of those days no longer exists and the desecration of today might have been easily avoided. It would have been perfectly easy to leave Rutherfordton at dawn on Monday, and reach Marion at 2 P. M. even if it were not well known that Court transacts no business on Monday. Probably the Mongrels thought there would be more people on the road going to and from church on Sunday, to see us than on other days. There was little likelihood of any service in Rutherfordton that day. As we slowly dragged through the main street, I saw not a single front door or window open—all the dwellings seemed tenantless—though it may be suspected that more than one pair of indignant eyes was peering from the lattice upon the shameful procession.

We had gone about seven miles, when I heard the rattle of wheels coming at Jehu speed, and saw father sitting bolt upright in his buggy and looking as stern as a Roman Senator. Swiftly passing without a word, he handed me a package of linen collars; as I had been hurried away half dressed. When he was gone by, Andy Scoggins came galloping up, and demanded the "secret paper" that had been handed me. I showed him the collars, and told him if he would look more closely he would see that the handcuffs were cutting the flesh of our wrists: Edgerton's especially showing blood! He replied indifferently, "Oh! I'll fix that when we git to a blacksmith's shop," as if it were a small matter that we were tortured at every jolt of the wagon. At Henderson Weaver's, where a brief halt was made, we found